

Milking the Bull by CianTheMighty

Series: [Top Ten Nicknames for the Human Penis \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Isaac and Gareth figure out how to travel together. Being stuck on the road with someone can be a stifling arrangement, but it doesn't have to be.

1. Chapter 1

On their first few nights out of Vale, Isaac and Gareth divided the responsibilities evenly between them. Isaac felt this process was important, as they both knew each other pretty well but they had never had to travel together with nobody else along for company. There were no filters present, which meant they had to face each other squarely and still find a way to survive and get along. Isaac wasn't terribly worried. He liked Gareth - a lot more than he felt he should - so he was confident that everything would work out in the end.

Isaac knew from experience that Gareth was a gods-awful cook, but he had Gareth try anyway and they discovered that he was incapable of producing anything except for blackened meat. He was better than Isaac was at physical labor, though. That gave Isaac a better idea of how they would divide the responsibilities at camp. On the fourth night out of Vale, two days out of Vault, Gareth volunteered to go in search of potable water while Isaac stayed behind to make camp. Isaac agreed. He was in no hurry to have everything prepared. He knew what it took, now that he had already done it three times, and he wasn't terribly hungry or tired. He was bored, though. He'd gone quite a while without a decent fight. He felt he had more energy than he knew how to deal with.

Isaac was fully willing and prepared to leave Gareth to his business. He had everything prepared for the night except for the evening meal. He needed water for what he had in mind... but Gareth had not yet returned to the camp. Isaac was content to wait - he didn't want to leave their supplies out in the open for some hungry monster to claim them - but he was starting to get mildly concerned. Gareth knew how to handle himself in battle but there were beasts in the wide

world that neither of them were totally prepared to face. They had both learned that much the hard way a very long time ago.

Isaac secured their things, readied his blade, and went in search of Gareth. Gareth had not gone far; that much, Isaac was sure of. The lands south of Vale were quiescent and comfortable - barring the recent volcanic eruption, obviously - so they would not have to go far to find a water source. Isaac located the nearest river, then glanced around. Gareth was not there. There was no sign of a struggle. Perhaps he had gone upstream? If so, what for? Isaac had no real skill at tracking... but Gareth was not a subtle person. Nor was he attempting to conceal his presence. Isaac followed the signs at a snail's pace, keeping silent so as not to alert any monsters. He found Gareth by the riverside, and suddenly it became abundantly clear what had taken him so long.

Gareth was sitting down on the riverbank with his back to an old spruce tree, facing the river. He was naked, or at least mostly so. His shirts were spread out against the base of the trunk, under his ass, and his pants were around his ankles. He hadn't taken off his boots, or his gloves. His cock was in his left hand and he was masturbating; slowly, as if to appreciate the feeling. His right hand snaked between his legs to grab his balls, putting pressure on them with a firm grip.

He gripped his balls particularly hard, and a low groan escaped his lips. Isaac snapped back to himself as the full reality of what he was seeing engulfed him. Gareth looked like he was having fun, at least... but what was Isaac supposed to do? Gareth had no idea that Isaac was there - small blessings - so there was still a chance that Isaac could sneak away quietly and pretend that he hadn't seen anything. But how could he go about remaining unseen? Now that he

knew there was a reason to go quietly he was hyper aware of each and every small noise he made. He had no idea how he had made it this far without Gareth discovering him. He had half a mind to try and walk away anyway... but then he stepped on a branch and Gareth's gaze snapped up. The color drained from his face - from both of their faces. He'd been caught.

Isaac turned around slowly, looking everywhere but at Gareth's privates. Gareth was almost completely naked. There wasn't even a chance for him to pretend that this was anything other than exactly what it was. Gareth had been masturbating and Isaac had caught him. There was no going back from that if they wanted to.

"I-I can explain!" Gareth stammered.

"It's not... there's no need to explain, dolt!" Isaac stammered right back. "I get it, Gareth. I really get it. I've been underfoot the last few days, yeah? That's my mistake. I'm sorry. I'll just... keep the camp safe until you get back. While you take care of your business."

Gareth turned a thousand shades of red as he worked through his responses. Finally, he settled for a murmur of assent and a brisk nod. Isaac turned on his heel and practically fled back to camp. He couldn't get the image out of his head, and it shamed him. He didn't think it was right to think about his best friend masturbating, but he couldn't make himself stop.

Why couldn't he stop? Did he... find it hot?

Isaac surged to his feet and took up his sword. He was NOT going to go down that road tonight. He stripped down to the waist and ran through a few training drills to try and burn off some of that excess energy. It worked. He didn't think of

Garet at all during the rest of his training. He didn't think of the way his best friend probably liked to have his balls played with. He didn't think of the way his best friend moaned. He didn't think of how large Garet's damn cock was... or how hot it would have been to stay and watch his friend drain his balls...

He snarled and threw his sword, end over end. It embedded itself to the hilt in a nearby tree, startling a flock of scavenger birds. Isaac shook himself, still unsatisfied, and began a series of body weight exercises instead; pushups and sit ups.

Isaac had just finished a set of dips when Garet returned, looking incredibly sheepish and embarrassed. There was a long and humiliating moment where they both processed what had happened. Isaac gave him a smile. He tried to communicate that there were no hard feelings, and that Garet hadn't done anything wrong. Isaac was the one who had blundered into that scene so rudely. Garet nodded gravely. Isaac prepared a meal with the water that Garet brought back, and they both went to sleep before long.

On the fifth night out of Vale - one day away from Vault - they divided the responsibilities between them once again. Garet volunteered to go off in search of potable water again, and Isaac assumed that he was going to use the opportunity to try and masturbate. He didn't think it was fair... but he couldn't think of a way to bring that up politely so he allowed Garet to go on his way without comment or complaint.

Garet returned sooner than he had the night before. Isaac wondered at that. Perhaps Garet wanted to go on alternating nights? It hardly mattered. It was good that he wasn't

fixated on the task, at least. They did have a job, here, ostensibly. Isaac made them a simple broth with meat from wild game. Once their bellies were full, they laid out the blanket rolls and watched the stars, chatting about nothing while they waited for sleep to come.

Garet grew pensive at a comment from Isaac and didn't respond for several moments. Suddenly, he cleared his throat. "Hey, um... Isaac?"

"Yeah?"

"If you need to... take care of some things... I can watch the camp for you."

Isaac looked in his direction. Garet had turned away like he didn't want to look at Isaac, and he was fidgeting for some reason. "I'm not sure what you mean by that. What are you talking about? What things?"

"W-Well, if you, um..." Garet grinned sheepishly. "Jeez... do you really want me to spell it out for you? If you need to, uh... milk the bull... then I've got your back. By that I mean I can watch the camp until you get back."

Rather than clarifying matters, Garet's comment left Isaac completely nonplussed. "Milk the what now? I have no idea what that phrase means. What are you talking about? What things do you want me to take care of?"

Garet blinked and looked at him, blushing furiously. "Y-You never heard that one before? Huh. I-It just means that... you know, if you need to, uh..." He made an unmistakable shaking gesture next to his crotch, and Isaac felt himself blush as he realized what Garet was talking about. "You get the idea?" Garet urged him, blushing furiously. "I can watch the camp if you need, like... whatever. Some private time. It

doesn't bother me none. You can do what you gotta do and I can look after things here."

Isaac opened his mouth and then closed it again. "Huh."

"Don't just say 'huh', dude," Gareth complained, groaning. "I'm tryin' my best to be a good bro, here. You want to take care of it or not?"

"I don't really know what to say," Isaac admitted. "You want to give me some private time? To 'milk the bull'?"

Garet set his head in his hands and groaned. "Look, just do it or don't, yeah? It doesn't matter to me none and it doesn't bother me none."

"I'm just... surprised, I guess?"

"Don't be," Gareth snapped. "Just... ugh! Never mind!"

Garet rolled over and turned away from him. Isaac scowled at his back. He had no idea what Gareth wanted to hear from him just then... but it was clear that he was done talking about it. How was he supposed to react to that? He could think of one way. He got up from his blanket roll and went to 'take care of things' in the bushes.

He returned to camp when he had finished the deed. He was definitely more relaxed than he was before, even if the light sheen of sweat beneath his traveling clothes was bothersome. He wouldn't have time to clean up before they arrived in Vault. He just hoped that nobody in town noticed any odd smells.

Garet blushed furiously to see him return, but he nodded firmly and even gave Isaac a little smile. Isaac smiled in return, more than a little bewildered by the turn things had

taken. Gareth was really serious about this... exchange... or whatever it was that he was up to when he offered to watch the camp. Isaac had no idea what to make of it, only that it was strange to know that Gareth... knew. He had just jerked off in the woods... and Gareth knew damn well what had happened.

“Night, dude,” Gareth told him. He rolled over and went to sleep. Isaac did the same; he would think about it tomorrow.

2. Chapter 2

Garet got more relaxed about what they were doing as they traveled onward. Neither of them really spoken about the time that Isaac had caught him masturbating. Ivan and Mia had joined their group so there were less opportunities to talk about it openly. Isaac was beginning to see the wisdom of that odd phrase that Garet used. It was like a secret that they shared. Referring to it indirectly allowed them a bit of privacy where there would otherwise have been none.

Isaac made the food more often than not. Mia pitched in her share once she joined, which took some of the burden off Isaac. Every second night or so... Garet would take advantage of their arrangement and go off into the woods for a bit of private time.

"Gotta milk the bull," Garet would say aloud, not really speaking to anyone.

"Fetch us some water on your way back," Isaac would suggest. Garet would smile and nod and go on his merry way.

"Shouldn't someone go with him?" Ivan asked Isaac once on their way through Imil.

"Garet's fine on his own," Isaac told him firmly. "He's not going far. Probably."

"It will be fine, Ivan," Mia offered. She gave Isaac a significant look that he simply chose not to acknowledge. "Garet is strong enough to handle to dangers of Imil. You know how he is in battle."

"I suppose his Psynergy would help him against snowy creatures..."

Ivan relented, and Isaac made a mental note to thank Mia later. She must have suspected some of what was going on... but she was old enough and canny enough to leave well enough alone. Ivan eventually accepted the exchange, and learned not to ask pointed questions.

"What? Do you need to go and milk the bull?" Gareth would joke, every other night after Isaac made up some excuse to go off on his own. It took Isaac a while to stop blushing at the rough jape – Gareth had him dead to rights and they both knew it – but he would nod and Gareth would usually pry no further.

Isaac took to the lingo with a bit of practice, and before long they were confidently speaking the same language. "Gotta milk the bull," Isaac managed to say once when it was his turn to go off on his own. Gareth pinked slightly and nodded, seeing Isaac off with a weirdly cheery smile. Isaac felt rather proud of his nonchalance. Ivan and Mia no longer marked the exchange as unusual, and Isaac went to sleep that night feeling satisfied.

Isaac was proud to have someone like Gareth in his life. He had seen the man naked and hard and doing *that* of all things... yet their essential friendship had not suffered. Gareth almost always knew when Isaac was busy with himself. He even teased him about it from time to time.

That time, Isaac had gone off into the woods without letting Gareth know exactly where or why he had gone. He just assumed that Gareth would understand. He figured that he was alone so he was cupping himself through his pants as he walked.

He always did it inside his pants at first. He only pulled his cock out when the restriction of his clothes became uncomfortable. He was eager to get at it so he leaned up against a tree with his arm braced at head weight. He looked down at himself and pulled his cock out. He was usually leaking a little when he got that far. He moved his thumb in little circles around the head and used his pre to make the strokes a bit smoother. He pulled his balls out and gave them a firm squeeze... and a small moan escaped his lips.

Isaac heard a branch break. His gaze snapped up in horror and he spotted movement just beyond the treeline. He could do nothing but watch in horror as his best friend hauled out of there.

He was too embarrassed to actually finish... so he tucked himself away and went back to camp. Gareth had a sheepish expression on his face when he spotted Isaac, but he smiled good-naturedly. "Milking the bull, yeah? Did you have a good one?"

Isaac just blushed furiously and shoved him out of the way, pretending to take a keen interest in his blanket roll as Gareth chuckled quietly to himself. He had a few things he would have liked to say to Gareth just then... but Mia was watching.

Isaac decided to speak up about it one night when Ivan and Mia were both asleep. Keeping quiet and speaking about it only obliquely had spared their embarrassed feelings on the subject but there was an energy between them now that neither of them knew how to address. Gareth had been unable to sleep for some reason so they agreed to keep each other company while Isaac was on watch.

Ivan had found them all some lagers in the last village. Gareth was two bottles in – not enough to get drunk... but he was obviously feeling good. Isaac was still on watch so he was moderating his intake – he had only had the one.

Chatting idly while they watched the stars and listening to the cracking fire... Isaac felt surprisingly at ease with the situation. He felt like he had no idea where the boundaries were or what was appropriate. For the longest time, Gareth had been his one and only male friend. If Gareth was all right with it... didn't that mean that it was okay?

He felt like he could talk about it with Gareth at length, and it wouldn't be weird at all. He felt strangely excited by the idea... like there were all kinds of things that he wanted to know and do. "Hey, uh... Gareth?"

"Mmh?" Gareth grunted and glanced up at Isaac from his blanket roll. He stuck his hand in his pants and nonchalantly scratched himself.

Isaac adjusted himself quietly, hoping that Gareth wouldn't notice... though he was pretty sure he did. He drained his bottle. "I've noticed that you kind of take a while when you go off into the woods..."

Gareth nodded slowly. "Uh... yeah? Gotta milk the bull. You know how it is."

Isaac smirked. "I suppose..."

Gareth looked up at him. It was like he was waiting for something more to be said... but Isaac had lost his courage. Gareth settled back down on his blanket roll and scratched himself again. Isaac could tell that something was stirring in there. Drink made a man get careless, he supposed... but

there was something interesting about watching Gareth touch himself, even if it wasn't sexual. It felt so... comfortable.

"How many times?" Isaac ventured.

Garet blinked and looked up at him again. Isaac was blushing. He could tell that Gareth had been caught off guard by the question... but then he responded, "I don't know, man... it's taken so much for me lately. I think I did it five times the last time."

Isaac whistled. "In a row? Yikes."

"That's not weird," Gareth said dismissively.

Isaac chuckled nervously, shifting in his seat. He felt a little like Gareth was humoring him, and while it was appreciated... he wasn't sure that was what he really wanted out of this. "It sounds like a lot of work, though."

Garet shrugged. "I guess I was real sore after?"

"I'll bet."

"I had to switch arms once or twice."

"No kidding?"

Garet was grinning, now. "At least I finally got the darn thing to go down! I'm a Mars Adept, you know. I got a whole lot of fire in me."

Isaac smiled naturally. It was starting to feel a little friendlier. "I suppose. That actually makes sense."

Garet grinned and rolled over onto his side. He made a suggestive hand gesture next to his crotch and winked. "So?

Since you're asking me that kind of thing... how many times do you milk the bull?"

"I do it like, twice," Isaac replied. "Five times in a row is super weird."

"For you, maybe," Gareth said coolly. "You're a Venus Adept. Maybe that has something to do with it."

"Different strokes for different folks," Isaac supposed, remembering something his father once said.

Garet closed his eyes and sighed contentedly. "Yeah... I suppose that makes sense."

Isaac pried open another bottle and took a sip. Gareth drained his bottle and got settled on his back again. Isaac offered him the last of the six but Gareth shook his head. "Still can't sleep?" Isaac wondered.

"I'm working on it," Gareth replied. He shifted drowsily on his blanket roll and stuck his hand down his pants for another scratch. Isaac half expected him to try and pass it off as something else... but then he kept his hand down there like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Isaac could see his hand languidly moving up and down. It wasn't particularly sexual - he wasn't masturbating - it was just... comfortable and relaxed. Isaac adjusted himself through his pants again and then Gareth was smirking. Gareth had caught him at it. He rolled over onto his side and smirked at Isaac again. His hand was still in his pants.

Isaac made a face. He could be brave, if he wanted. He stuck his hand down his pants where Gareth could see him do it.

Apparently, that had been the right thing to do. Gareth grinned happily, and then he peeled his trousers down so that Isaac could see what he was touching. It was totally soft... but it was big and it was just out there for Isaac to see like it was nothing. Isaac felt a lot braver all of a sudden. He pulled his own dick out and waggled it around where Gareth could see.

Gareth grinned happily, but then his eyes darted over to where Ivan and Mia were sleeping as if to remind him of where they were. Isaac shrugged, and looked at Gareth nonchalantly - a challenge in his eyes. Gareth smirked and laid back on his blanket roll, apparently perfectly content to leave his dick hanging out. Isaac had a mad urge to take his pants *off*... but he wasn't feeling *that* brave.

Eventually, the cold defeated them. Isaac put his dick away quietly, and Gareth rolled his pants back up. No words were exchanged for a while; watching the stars, listening to the fire... Isaac felt surprisingly at ease about the whole situation. It was like a secret they had shared... as odd as that sounded.

Gareth frowned suddenly and looked up at him. "Hey, uh... did you ever finish that time?"

Isaac blinked. "Huh?"

"That time in the woods when I caught you... you know. Did you ever finish up?"

Isaac blushed at the memory. "I think I was too embarrassed to finish..." Gareth groaned and put his face in his hands, chuckling madly. "I'm glad that my embarrassment is so amusing to you."

"Aw, dude... I'm sorry. You don't gotta be embarrassed. Do you want to go and take care of it right now? It's almost my turn to go on watch so I can wait up for you while you finish."

Isaac smirked. It was so... off the cuff, the way Gareth talked about it. Normal. It made him want to believe that nothing was wrong.

He took Gareth up on his offer and went to jerk off in the woods. Gareth flashed him a knowing smile when he returned to camp, but no other words were exchanged. Isaac went to sleep that night feeling satisfied.